

[Mrs. Brooke G. White]

26099

March 23, 1939

Mrs. Brooke G. White [(?)]

(widow, Epis. [Rector?])

250 East First-st.

Jacksonville, Florida

Rose Shepherd, writer

MRS. BROOKE G. WHITE

Mrs. White's home is of the type in vogue early in this century, with large airy rooms, and a wide hall leading from the front double-door entrance to the back divides the drawingroom with its gilt and white French furniture and adjoining dining room on the right from the living room to the east with its entrance into Mrs. White's private sitting room to the south. The stairway, its red oak banisters polished and shining, winds to the second floor with the four family bedrooms.

Mrs. White herself answered the ring of the door-bell and invited me back to the sitting room, where the radio was tuned in to "The old Scotchman's Problem."

"If you don't mind," she said, "We will wait until this is over, as it is one of my favorites."

It was 10:30 and as we listened to the conclusion of the program, Mrs. White's face lighted with pleasure and she nodded approval when Greger McGreger, the crusty old bachelor of

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the radio cast, grudgingly yielded to the persuasion of a long-time friend to [?] the warped opinions of his early training and a later hard-wrested personal career and adapt himself to the wider viewpoints of a young man he had formed a great attachment for and whom he was educating to be a physician.

The room was plainly furnished. An old fashioned leather-covered couch by the east windows, with its small pillow at the 2 the head and its rumpled blanket, showed signs of having been recently occupied, for Mrs. White is frail and has to lie down frequently.

The large fireplace was closed, and an attractive circulating oil heater made the room comfortably warm. On the mantel were two matched vases of a period of fifty years [ago?] and several photographs of her son, her daughter and granddaughter. In the corner by the fireplace was a bookcase, its open shelves /filled with a variety of well-bound books showing signs of much handling. Four easy chairs, with one straight chair, its fragile walnut frame and [?] seat making it seem peculiarly out of place with its more modern companions, completed the furnishings of the room.

Mrs. White is a tall, thin woman, with intelligent features, bright brown eyes, and a [ready?] smile. During the radio program, her fingers were busy knitting an afghan in softly blending colors of rich wine, rose, brown and tan. "For my granddaughter, Mary Brooke Johnson," she explained. "We just call her Brooke. She selected the pattern and the colors, and this herringbone stitch does look nice," she continued, as the needles flushed in and out, forming the intricate design.

"Last year I crocheted a bedspread composed of 200 squared made on a diagonal pattern for my daughter, Mrs. Mary Dell Johnson, who lives in Riverside. It took a whole year to make and was very pretty when finished. It will be a nice keepsake for her. I have also made an afghan of a different pattern from Brooke's, for my son and his wife, Brooke G. White, Junior. I have to treat them all alike, you see, to keep peace in the family," she said, laughing.

"You'll have to excuse me for squirming around," she said, as she rose from her seat near the radio and changed to a rocking chair with a padded back. "About fifteen years I was in a terrible automobile accident. The car, an open type, suddenly went into a ditch and I was thrown out on the highway. The following year I was in another accident. This car went into a ditch, too, and in the violent lurch my head hit the top, jamming my head down and dislocating several vertebrae. The two accidents have given me a crooked spine - like this -" tracing the letter "S" with her index finger on the arm of the rocker. "I often say I have a boyish figure on my right side, with a May West on the left," she said, laughing and making light of her disfigurement, as she stood and [smoothed?] down her soft jacket dress showing a straight silhouette on the right, with a decidedly curved hip on the other side.

"No, I do not limp, but I get tired if I am on my feet much, and the strained nerves of my neck and back tire easily too, keeping me twisting around in a chair or lying down frequently to get relief.

"Well, the Florida history of my family goes away back. My grandfather, Philip [Dell?], was an early settler in Alachua County. He was one of the early Lieutenant Governors in the Colonial period, and later earned the title of Colonel in the Seminole Indian Wars. He located near [Newnansville?], an old town now entirely obliterated, but the site occupied by the village of Alachua. The family plantation was known as "Standby Place."

"The Dells were English. The family, that is, my great-grandfather's, settled in [?] County, off the coast of Virginia. Later they came down in to North Carolina, where during the 4 Revolutionary War, my mother's father, also a Philip [Dell?], participated in the battle of [Guilford?] Courthouse.

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"Afterwards, the family worked its way through South Carolina into Georgia, and I am told the little town of [Boston?] in South Georgia was called for my grandmother's family, whose name was [Boston?].

"They located in Alachua County at a serious period of the state's history. My grandmother told many tales of the hostile Seminoles, one which particularly impressed me. She said the Indians, rather a larger company, were seen /in the distance. My grandfather, Philip Dell, was away on military service, so she called all the slaves in from the plantation fields, and barring the doors in anticipation of a raid, she had them make dummies, which dressed like men, she had placed at the windows where they could be plainly observed by the Indians. She thought if she could impress the Seminoles with the idea there were men on the place, possibly well armed, she would not be molested. Her scheme evidently worked, for the Indians [?] around the place, for an hour or so, then went on without making an attack.

"A rather romantic legend she also told of the Cherokee rose. She said it was reported when there were many Indians in the southeastern United States, they used to travel from one section to another to visit. A tribe of Cherokees from North Carolina came down to visit the Seminoles in Florida. One of the young braves fell deeply in love with a Seminole princess. Returning later alone for a visit, he brought her as a gift a sprig of the Cherokee rose, which she planted. It grew and was very prolific. To visitors from other sections she also gave cuttings, 5 which they, in turn, planted. Thus the Cherokee rose became established in Florida.

"My father [Francis?] A.L. Cassidey, came when a young boy to Alachua County, accompanying a brother-in-law who had consumption, as they called tuberculosis in those days - the late [1850's?].

"My mother, Retta Dell, had a tutor, a Mr. Bernard, who later became Judge Bernard of Tallahassee, and my father's invalid relative asked if he might not be instructed, too. I have

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often heard my father say his first sight of my mother was seeing her remove her shoes and stockings before attempting to cross a small stream on a narrow footleg. She was afraid of falling into the water. He guided her across, then went home with her. Later they became schoolmates, as I said, and still later, sweethearts. They were married in 'standby Place' March 11, 1860. Here is the Bible given them by grandfather Cassidey, with the [?] in his own handwriting that they read a chapter each day.

"Grandfather Cassidey, was an Irishman, the only one I have ever been able to trace of that name who spelled it with an [?]. He settled in [wilmington?], North Carolina in the 1840's. He was an expert in the ship-building business which he had learned in Ireland, and the business which he established at [Wilmington?], consisting of a complete plant, ways, drydocks, etc., was the only one in the United States south of the state of Maine. He wished my father to succeed him, and in time sent him to the Maine shipyards to learn the newest and best ideas in [vogue?] in this country at that time.

"However, when he came back to Alachua and he and my 6 mother were married, going to [?] where my father engaged in the shipping business.

"My grandfather at one time had lived in [Fernandina?]. His home, called the 'dell Mansion,' although it was only about half the size of the one in which I now live, adjoined the home of Senator David [Yulee?], and they were great friends.

"In this house my father and mother established their home, and there on January 4, 1861, my brother, Philip Dell Cassidey, was born.

"War was [imminent?], and when the Federal gumboats arrived in [?] Harbor, my father took his family to [Newmansville?] for safety, and there they remained for the period of the war while he was in the Confederate army.

"He enlisted under Capt. J.J. [Dickisen?] and was in all the [skirmishes?] around Gainesville, Palatka, also took part with his troops in the battle of [?], the major battle of

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the war in Florida. He kept a daily diary of the events, which several years ago I turned over to Mr. Herbert [Damsen?] for the benefit of the Jacksonville Historical Society. I am sorry I do not have a copy, but you can probably obtain one from him.

"Here is an account [he?] wrote in 1888 of a privateer, the "Mariner, operating from his father's docks at Wilmington, North Carolina in 1861 which may be of interest," she said, handing me a book in which was written the above account in the precise handwriting of her father, with clipped edges showing where she had cut out about fifty pages that constituted the diary to which she had referred.

A ring at the doorbell caused her to excuse herself, as she answers all calls personally.

After some little time she returned. "A little old [humped-over?] 7 man asking for something to eat. I had the maid fix him a nice sandwich and gave him some fruit."

We watched through the window as the old fellow reached the corner, hesitated, then went east on First Street. In a few minutes he was back at the side door - without the bundle of food - and again asking for something to eat.

"Why, I just gave you a sandwich. Don't you remember?"

"Oh, yes," said the old man, "I've made a mistake."

Down the steps he went, this time south on Liberty Street.

"He certainly got rid of that food in a hurry. Maybe he had a partner," Mrs. White said, laughing. "Well, anyway, I would rather give aid to one who did not need it than to turn away one who was really hungry."

Resuming the trend of her story, she continued:

"I was born in 1862 at 'Prospect Place,' my Father's residence in [Newmansville?].

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“After the war was over, my father took his family to Wilmington, North Carolina, reviving the Cassidey Drydock and Shipbuilding Company belonging to his father, which had suffered considerably from the hazards of war.

“There I was reared. We were all members of the historic St. James [Episcopal?] Church, of Wilmington. There were no public schools, and my brother and I attended a private school, conducted in the St. James Parish [House?] by two sisters, who also taught in the Sunday school. Thus one sister was our teacher, and the other who had charge of the choir, taught us music. We spent six days of each week under their influence, which was splendid training for us, as they were both well educated and accomplished women.

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“As a young girl in Wilmington, it was one of the joys of my life to visit my father at work in his office of the shipbuilding company.

“When order for a new boat came in, he first drew his plans very carefully, according to the dimensions required, the design showing in detail both the inside and outside construction.

“Then out of soft, pliable wood he constructed a model of the boat or ship as it would appear when completed. This was carefully [sawed?] into two sections, and one-half framed like a picture was hung on the wall above his desk. This served as a working model.

“It is remarkable, in contrast with divided talents of the present, how these pioneers were required to develop skill in all departments of their work. Instead of having a department for the execution of each detail, my father was obliged to be [draftsman?], engineer, wood-worker and finisher. Thus he was familiar enough with the requirements to have become an expert in any department of the work, instead of just following one line.

“That, I believe, is the fault of our present day education, the building up of specialists. They are for the most part one-sided in their development, and if they [fail?] in their own

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particular field, they are unable to adapt themselves to anything else, and go through life in this [mal-adjusted?] state.

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"In 1880 a most disastrous fire wiped out entirely the shipyards. My father, salvaging some of the machinery, secured a contract for dredging the St. Johns River, bringing his family to [New?] Berlin, /Florida, then a [prosperous?] fishing village, where he made his headquarters. We were unable to secure the house he had planned on, so during our residence there the family boarded with Mr. [?] Gray.

"This was the first government contract for deepening St. Johns Harbor, and father worked under Lieutenant [?], government engineer. At that time it was only 15 feet across the bar, and no big ships could come in. The method of work was unique. They brought heavy granite boulders from North Carolina and Georgia, carrying them down by flatboats. Taking young cypress trees they wove them into mattresses, sinking them where they had dredged out the sand and silt by placing the heavy boulders on top. The shells and marine growth attached themselves to these mattresses, forming a protection as solid as rock, and they have held to this day. The [jetties?] were also built at this time, [so?] that the channel has been permanently widened and deepenedenabling even the largest ships to come right into the docks at Jacksonville.

"In 1882 we came to reside in Jacksonville, a town of probably 10,000 at that time, about half of the population being colored.

"Mr. White, who had been trained in the [Episcopal Theological?] Seminary under Bishop [Atkinson?], in Asheville, North Carolina, was assigned to this [diocese?] about that time under Bishop Young.

"It was rather a strange coincidence that I, who had been trained under the influence of [Bishop Atkinson?] in eastern North 9 Carolina, and Mr. White, with this same great

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churchman was in western North Carolina, we did not meet until we both came to Jacksonville.

“We were married here 1887. Mr. White had been a deacon under Bishop [Atkinson?] and was ordained as a priest in St. Johns under Bishop Young. He was simply ‘on call’ and worked wherever he was sent in the [diocese?].

“At this time there were a considerable number of colored Episcopalians among the servants and negro families of Jacksonville, and they had been [accommodated?] by the side pews of St. Johns Church. When Bishop [?] later succeeded Bishop Young, he considered it an [opportune?] time to organize colored parishes, and my husband was assigned the task.

“He built St. Philips Church at the corner of Cedar and Clay Streets, giving from his own personal means the window in memory of those who has assisted in the establishment of the church.

“There were a great many negroes from the West Indies who associated themselves with this congregation, some of whom possessed very fine voices. Wishing to assist my husband, I took charge of the music. I had brought my music and my instruction books from Wilmington, and set to work to train this congregation to [?] the service. Mr. White also had a particularly lovely, sweet voice. The plan was a great success, and tourists, visitors for St. Johns and other white congregations used to come to St. Philips to enjoy the music. The entire service was sung, even the [?].

“During the yellow fever epidemic of 1888, Rev. Mr. Barber, [rector?] of St. [Stephens?] Church, contracted the fever and died.

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“My father's family refuged to Tallahassee during that summer, and there we renewed acquaintance with the Barnards - Judge Barnard who had been my mother's tutor in

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[Newmansville?] - and I met his daughter, Mary, (now Mrs. F. [?]. Greever) who has ever since been my very dear friend.

"When we returned to Jacksonville, Mr. White, having been promoted to Archbishop, was asked by Bishop Wood to take charge of St. Stephens Church, and there he worked for many years among the [parishioners?] of that section.

"When he organized the women's auxiliary and other activities of the church, he said to me: "I do not want you to be the head of any of them. People must not be [hampered?] by [having?] the [rector's?] wife on any of their boards. They must be free to act, the criticize, and to express their opinions." An [see?], I was merely a worker, glad to help in any direction, only wanting to do what was right by all concerned, and we got along famously.

"By the way, I must show you some more of my hand-work, [stoles?] made for Mr. White to use in his ceremonies at the altar."

She went to be bookcase in the drawing room and from a lower drawer removed three tissue paper packages.

"It was a great handicap to me, I thought, that I had never learned to cook. You know it is said, 'the way to reach a man's heart is through his stomach,' and I believed this literally, voicing my regret to Mr. White when we were married that I would be unable to prepare his food, but he just laughed and said we would just have to find a cook. You see I had learned to sew, knit, crochet, and embroider, and I guess cooking and those things just naturally do not go together. But I made these 11 [stoles?], and Mr. White was always very proud of them.

"I do not know if you are familiar with the Episcopal service, but the people one is worn during times of [penitence?] in [Lent?] and on Good Friday, the green one during trinity, and the white one at Easter, Christmas, at weddings and on festive occasions.

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"I sent to J. & R. Lamb & Company, of New York, dealers in clerical supplies for my patterns. The designs on the white one are from three different patterns. I transferred the original pattern very carefully by tracing on a blank sheet with carbon, and this design I placed carefully on the satin material for the stole, stitching it in outline on the sewing machine with the thread removed. The perforations of the needle, I followed very carefully with my embroidery. I had learned the [Kensington?] embroidery stitch from Miss Ela Maxey (Bogart).

"The colors in the passion flower on the first one, I matched by having a living flower before me as I worked. You will see the colors in all of them are bright and fresh, [although?] they are over fifty years' old.

"Recreation? Well, I did not have much [time?] for play. At [New? Berlin? I?] spent most of my time out of doors during the day - it was a beautiful place then, with large trees, fine old homes and lovely gardens. We met Capt. [Kemp's?] family there. He owned the pilot-boat, and his daughter married [Napoleon? Breward?] who was afterwards governor of Florida. We played croquet, a very popular out-door game in those days.

"I was married soon after I came to Jacksonville. I remember we used to go to the dances at the Yacht Club ? at the foot of Market Street, which were very enjoyable. I made all of Mr. White's shirts, coats, clerical vests, and sewed for myself and children, 12 and this, with my music, and assisting Mr. White in his parish work, caused me to live a very busy life.

"After Mr. White had been with St. Stephens a couple of years, Mrs. Alexander Mitchell, who had built a beautiful home on the south side called 'Alexandria Villa', was desirous of establishing a church in that section. She went over the [diocese?] listening to the various rector's sermons, and finally one [Sunday?] came to St. Stephens. She was particularly impressed with Mr. White's discourse and his delivery, and [immediately?] after

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the service, told him she wished to [engage?] him for the new church she was personally building on the south side, called 'All Saints.'

"So it was arranged, and when the church was completed, and which Mrs. Mitchell fitted out completely with pipe organ and all the necessary furnishings, we went over to the south side parish where we lived for two years.

"But Mr. White was an independent sort of person, and felt Mrs. Mitchell was trying to make him her private chaplain. She wanted her own way about everything - to pay him a stated salary, even hire the servants, the yard man and stable boy - to furnish all his [robes?] and [vestments?], and he did not like that. He wanted simply to be the clergyman, the congregation to pay his salary - whatever they could afford - and to be free to carry on his work the same as any other rector.

"During our residence on the south side we went frequently to 'Villa Alexandria'. Mrs. Mitchell's, [son?] in Milwaukee had married his second wife, and had given his son, David, by his first wife, to his grandmother to [rear?]. David and my son, Brooke, were about the same age, and used to play together a great deal.

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"The Mitchell home was a frame building, nothing unusual to look at, but the inside was most beautiful. The entrance hall ran a distance of perhaps twenty feet to the stairway, which led to a landing about half way up where it divided. The wall at this landing was one solid sheet of plate mirror glass.

"Her own private bedroom was finished in trimmings of blue, while the hangings were all of white silk. It was very striking.

"Mrs. Mitchell was very generous and was always inclined to be most charitable. She sent Rev. Van [Winder? Shields?], who had become rector at St. Johns, and Mrs. [Shields?] to Mexico, paying all the expenses of their trip.

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"But Mr. White did not like to be patronized, so he asked to be relieved of the charge of All Saints. A young clergyman was secured, and he and Mrs. Mitchell got along beautifully.

"While on the south side, the old families - the [Holmes?], [Delanceys?, Cummings?, Backers?] - all united with All Saints, as well as families from Arlington. We came to know them all. This was in 1890, but as we always went to our summer home in [Saluda?], North Carolina, and Mr. White was only in charge of All Saints for about two years. [We?] did not become [as?] well acquainted.

"When we returned to Jacksonville, we [made?] our home in [Luvilla?]. This was also known as West Jacksonville, and was considered a very nice residential section. Our home was opposite the [Frank? L'Engle?] home on Monroe Street.

"When the memorable fire started around noon on May 3, 1901, I was on the back [piazza?] of our home which faced north, and saw the sparks as they lighted the [inflammable?] material on the roof of 14 the Cleveland Fibre Factory in the Springfield section. The roof of the building was perfectly flat, and moss, fibre and other material used in making mattresses and for [?] upholstery purposes was placed on the roof to dry. It was thought the sparks were generated for a short circuit in the electric current.

"Mr. White was at the Duval County Courthouse at the time, in the office of my brother, Philip Dell Cassidey, who for 25 years was clerk of / Duval County. ? The fire spread with great rapidity, as there was a strong wind, and while I watched I saw blazing pieces of fibre wafted through the air start seven different fires. I realized it was serious, and telephoned Mr. White in great anxiety to hurry home. He said, 'Wait until I go out and see which way the wind is blowing.' When he came back to the 'phone he said the wind was from the west and our home was not in danger, and a short while later he came in. It was a terrible thing to stand and watch and feel so helpless - the buildings blaze up, then crash to the ground with a terrible clatter. Every street was blocked with debris. We were getting ready

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to move out, when the fire reached the water, the river on the front and Hogans Creek on the east, had miraculously stopped.

“There were many heart-rendering episodes. One old clergyman had a room in the Law Building, where the Law Exchange Building [now?] stands, and in a trunk he had many valuable manuscripts, including all the sermons he had written during his life. He made his way into the building, dragging the heavy trunk down several flights of stairs and down to the wharf where boats were being placed to carry people to safety. He begged them to place the trunk aboard, but the men in charge said: ‘We are trying to save people’s lives, not trunks,’ so they took the poor old fellow in 15 the boat, saving his life, but the trunk was lost, as the wharf a few minutes later went up in flames.

“We are building this house at the time, the ground was [a?] half block of the Scheffield property - the Scheffield Street of the present day then being an alley. The entire framework was up and a lot of valuable building material had been delivered on the grounds. Wishing to know the fate of the building, we started our negro yard man over to see about it on horseback. He was compelled to ride a great distance north to get out of the burning section, and about ten o’clock that night returned with the cheering news that the fire had stopped at Hogans Creek, several blocks away, and the new building was unharmed.

“Dr. Fernandez, his wife, and his wife’s mother made their way to our home late in the evening the day of the fire. Their clothing was scorched, and hot [cinders?] has so burned the women’s backs we had to sit up most of the night bathing them with soothing lotions to [?] their agony. We took care of them for several days.

“The old clergyman also came in after the [Fernandez?], and we took care of him,,too, but we had no place for him to sleep except on a sofa in the hall downstairs.

“This [corner?] also played an important role in the days of (1898) the Spanish-American War period, as General [Fitzhugh?] Lee’s headquarters was in a tentt right under these

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same old oak trees that [?] surround the house. The various regiments were encamped from here out to [5th?] Street in North Springfield. General Lee's staff headquarters was in the [Windsor?] Hotel down town.

"When Mr. White visited the camp, in his talk with General Lee he learned the Asheville Regiment from North Carolina, most of whom he knew personally, [????] be in command of 16 Captain Tom Patten, [an?] old gentleman, a former officer in the War between the States, a personal friend of Mr. White's, we gave up our vacation in order to stay in Jacksonville that he might be near his old friends.

"This decision seemed, in a way, providential. The North Carolina regiment had mobilized at Raleigh, North Carolina, but the temporary camp had no modern facilities - there was no running water, they had to use surface water for drinking and other purposes - and [typhoid?] fever broke out. There were many cases among them on their removal, and in this way the fever was brought to the encampment in Jacksonville. It [soon?] spread to such an extent it was hard to cope with.

"I went with Mr. White on his daily rounds, but there was no provision for women nurses, so I was not able to do much. We carried chewing-gum, which was much appreciated by the boys, as they could not brush their teeth, and we gave them pocket-combs and other useful articles.

"Mr. White appealed to a wealthy friend of his in Philadelphia, Pa., who sent him several hundred dollars to [procure?] comforts for the soldiers, saying: ""When you get down to the last hundred, let me know, and there will be more forthcoming, for I have 'money to burn' for uncle Sam's fighters.""

"As the situation grew worse, the field hospitals overcrowded, [and?] only orderlies to care for the fever-stricken boys, Mr. White again appealed to this kindly man, and he sent

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down six [typhoid?] experts from [Blocker?] Hospital in Philadelphia, with a corps of trained nurses. When the boys saw them they said: 'thank God! Now we'll get well!'

"One day we visited Captain Patten's tent and found him [on?] 17 a blanket spread on the ground - a [convalescent?] - while his cot was occupied by a young lieutenant, Rev. Mr. [Buell?], in high delirium from typhoid. Mr. White recognized the young man as one he had taught, and who had lived in the home of Bishop [Atkinson's?] daughter in Asheville. We secured permission from General Lee to take young Mr. [Buell?] home with us, where we nursed him back to health."

Here Mr. White left the room to answer the door, and a fresh young voice said: "Granny, you did not expect to see me today, did you?"

By this time they were back, Mrs. White introducing - "My granddaughter, Brooke Johnson."

The attractive young blond of about twenty, smiled cordially as she acknowledged the introduction saying: "I was looking for a dressing room. I've been playing golf, and want to change for down town."

"Go right ahead, as far as you like," said her grandmother, "We'll not look." But Brooke did not accept the invitation, and went upstairs to one of the bedrooms. Shortly she was back, carrying her heavy sport shoes, with her golf [togs?] across her arm, and dressed in a russet-colored print, with high-heeled low-cut shoes to match.

"Well, goodbye, glad to have met you, (to me) I'll be seeing you, granny." (to her grandmother). In a few minutes we heard the [whir?] of the motor, as she was off to keep a luncheon engagement.

"That's young people for you - 'hello' - 'goodbye'" - laughed Mrs. White. "But life is so complicated and they have so much to occupy their time [nowadays?]. They are all right - it is just a different age we are living in that makes them seem different.

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"Getting back to the Spanish-American War period - during the long summer we came to know General [Fitzhugh?] Lee very well. One day Mr. White asked him: 'don't you find it a great advantage now to be a descendant of the famous General Robert E. Lee?'

'No, said he, it's a decided handicap. No matter how I conduct myself, it is just what was expected of me, and I get no credit personally. If I honor my illustrious ancestor, it is exactly what I ought to do, and if I make a mistake, or should not behave myself, it is ten [times?] worse for me than for any other person.'

Another ring at the doorbell took Mrs. White away for the third time, and I heard a voice through the open door - "I am distributing cards for Mr. Fred [Walls?], who is running for re-election to the City Commission, and was told to call here and leave cards for Mrs. White and Mr. Brooke G. White, Jr., and Miss Davis," (a friend of the family).

Mrs. White returned with the three cards, bearing the picture of the aspiring politician, and said: "It was a young woman electioneering for Fred Walls. I do not take much interest in politics, except so far as my son, Brooke, Junior, is concerned - he is assistant city auditor - and I do not go to the polls to vote any longer, as sometimes it is necessary to stand in line and I get too tired.

"I hope Mr. Walls is re-elected," she continued, "I consider, and so does my son, that he has made a fine commissioner of finance, he always knows how to get the money on Jacksonville's bonds so that the city is never embarrassed for funds. Of course, he has made enemies, but they are political ones, and he has thousands of friends who know his real worth.

“And I think Mr. Roosevelt is a very fine man and one with the most honest intentions. I very well remember his [inaugural?] address in which he said: ‘I am only a human being and subject to [errors?] and mistakes. I am acting for the best, according to my own viewpoint, but if anyone can at any time show me a better viewpoint to attain the welfare and happiness of the people of the United States, I am perfectly willing to change.’ I think he has lived up to that principle.

“You know I get so much out of the radio - it enables me to keep up with world events - that and newspapers. I was impressed with the selection of young Douglas, who has just become the youngest Supreme Court Justice. The radio report of his nomination gave a resume of his life - how he had worked at his first job for \$2.00 a week, and later ridden miles and miles on his bicycle to attend school. That is the kind of training that makes good Americans.

“But one thing I cannot understand in the recent news, is the reported [motion?] of Mrs. Roosevelt withdrawing from the Daughters of the American Revolution because the organization would not rent their own Congressional Hall to a negro [soprano? songstress?] for a concert in the city of Washington. I hope it is only propaganda. Mrs. Roosevelt is a fine woman with common sense and democratic principles, but negroes, with the progress and advantages they have had in the last sixty years or more, should be able to support halls for such purposes for members of their race.”

The maid announced Mrs. Johnson on the telephone, and Mrs. White said, as she left the room to answer - “My daughter. She never forgets me. If she is unable to come over, we have a long visit over the ‘phone.”